

The Inquirer.

A Journal of Liberal Religious Thought and Life.

ESTABLISHED IN 1842.]

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 2932.
NEW SERIES, No. 36.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1898.

[ONE PENNY.]

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

As the echoes of the recent war are slowly dying away, and the thoughts of all the world are busy with rumours of other greater conflicts that may be impending, comes the voice of one of the great military chieftains, the absolute commander of an enormous army, uttering not a menace or defiance, but the great word of Peace. It is an appeal to the better sense of civilised nations, a moderate, but convincing statement of the evils of the present military system of Europe and a foreshadowing of the dire results to which that system inevitably tends. The Emperor of Russia proposes an International Conference in the interests of disarmament and peace. What the result may be we shall watch with the keenest and most anxious interest. But the very making of such a proposal, from such a source, is in itself an event of the greatest consequence.

THE papers have been full of comments on the Tsar's proposal. In this country, with keen or doubtful hope, the recognition of the genuineness and value of the effort has been very general. Of the many utterances of our public men, which it has been a pleasure to read, we will reproduce two :—

Sir John Lubbock :—"I have read the Tsar's wise and statesmanlike proposal with intense satisfaction. Unless the present expenditure on armies and navies is reduced, the nations of Europe have nothing but revolution and bankruptcy before them. The debt of France, for instance, has risen in twenty-five years of so-called peace by over six hundred millions sterling. Such a course can only end in ruin. In Germany and Italy also,

the taxation is very heavy, and Socialism increasing. The present immense armies must eventually lead to a terrific war, but in the Emperor's suggestion I see the hope of a brighter future, of a rivalry between nations not in war and bloodshed, but in peace, progress and prosperity."

The Bishop of Hereford :—"The Tsar's appeal surely deserves to be welcomed by all Englishmen with genuine gratitude. Every true disciple of Christ will pray for its success. Every good cause must profit by it. Christendom armed to the teeth has exhibited a humiliating spectacle of mutual jealousies and failure, as witness Crete and desolated Armenia. Real pledges to peace may produce a more Christian conscience, and even the Tsar of all the Russias could cherish no higher ambition than to be remembered and blessed by future generations as the man whose work turned the swords of Christendom into pruning hooks and secured peace, prosperity and happiness for unnumbered homes. I humbly wish him God-speed.

JEALOUS rivalry in trade and the fight for the monopoly of good markets are reckoned among the disturbers of the world's peace. But the principle of Free Trade has been cherished as a hopeful bond, which as it comes to be generally acknowledged and practised may draw the nations of the earth together in a new brotherhood of mutual service and trust. Mr. Ellis Lever has recalled the lines of Tennyson, which were sung at the opening of the International Exhibition in 1862 :—

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,
From growing commerce loose her latest chain,
And let the fair white-wing'd peacemaker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours;
Till each man finds his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of earth and crowned with all her flowers.

These lines Mr. Lever considers not inapplicable in connection with the Tsar's pacific and timely appeal.

A CONFERENCE of the various societies in this country engaged in the relief of Armenian Distress was held in London last May, and following this effort towards more effectual co-operation the committee have arranged to hold a second National Conference at Cardiff on September 23 and 24. It is proposed to hold a special service in Llandaff Cathedral on the previous day, and the programme so far as arranged includes an address by the Chairman, the Right Hon. James Bryce, reports on work in Armenia by Professor

W. M. Ramsay, of Aberdeen, Mr. J. Rendel Harris, of Cambridge, and Mr. Edward Millard, who will all speak from actual experience in the desolated country. There will also be a public meeting to bid farewell to volunteer workers going out to Armenia, the Bishop of Hereford, Mr. Bryce, and Mr. F. S. Stevenson, M.P., being among the speakers.

THE objects of the Conference are stated as follows :—

"The Conference will not aim at amalgamating societies now distinct, or at fusing their funds, but will take account of the following and like ends: (1) a report of the work done in all parts of Armenia, and for Armenians away from home, and showing the progress made in restoring a normal social condition; (2) an account of the progress of the movement in all parts of Great Britain; (3) an exhibition of Armenian work; (4) discussion of the best methods of promoting industries on a commercial basis, and of securing a regular sale of such products as can be advantageously sent to this country; (5) the establishment of a periodical means of circulating information amongst all supporters; (6) an appeal to the public for support in money and personal service for carrying on the work; (7) and in particular, an extension of the movement by founding branches of existing societies in towns in which no such branches now exist. The proceedings of the Conference will include a public meeting to bid farewell to Miss Elsie Jenkins, who is going out to Armenia for a year as a volunteer-helper in the orphanage work at the expense of the Cardiff Branch of the Friends of Armenia; and it is hoped that other volunteers from different parts of the country who are leaving for Armenia in the autumn, among them Miss A. C. Marshall, of Glasgow, will be also present."

The Committee invites the adhesion of all who are at work in this cause to the Conference, for which the most representative character has been secured. No decision of the Conference will be binding on its members, beyond the extent to which it may approve itself to their judgment. All communications as to the constitution and programme of the Conference should be addressed to Dr. Conway, Llandaff, Wales; as to invitations, to Hector Munro Ferguson, Esq., 47, Victoria-street, S.W.; and as to hospitality and local arrangements to Mrs. Gaunt, 41, Oakfield-street, Cardiff.

THE Queen of Holland, being eighteen, came of age on Wednesday, and consequently entered on the full responsibility of her high station. In a proclamation of simple dignity she thanks her people for the loyalty they have shown hitherto,

and acknowledges the immense debt she owes to her mother. The Queen adds:—"True to the constitution, I desire to strengthen the respect for the name and flag of the Netherlands. As Sovereign of possessions and colonies in the East and West, I desire to observe justice, and to contribute so far as in me lies to increasing the intellectual and material welfare of my whole people." She confidently expects the support of all, and concludes, "Trusting in God and with the prayer that He will give me strength, I accept the Government." Mr. Maarten Maartens, a native of Amsterdam, but known as a writer of English novels, published in the *Daily Chronicle* a poem on the royal birthday, addressing his Queen in verses of genuine feeling. The heroic history of their people is commemorated in the following lines:—

Child of the lowlands by the Northern Sea,
Blood of our blood, and one with us, as we
Are one in thee,
Through all the splendid changes of our story
Still one with us in heritage of glory,
Queen because we are free,
As we are free because thy fathers taught us,
Trusting in God, though Pope or Prince
distraught us,
To live and die for Liberty!

UNDER the title "England and America" the Rev. Washington Gladden has published two addresses, delivered in this country during the present summer, with the object of drawing more closely together the sympathies of the two nations. (James Clarke and Co., 13 and 14, Fleet-street. Price 6d.) The addresses are on "Causes and Issues of the Present War," and "Reasons for Friendship between England and America." There is an introduction by Dr. Fremantle, the Dean of Ripon, who thus refers to Dr. Gladden's plea:—

"The practical unity of the two nations is shown by an appeal to statistics. Though America welcomes all races, the immigration is still largely British; the Presidents have been mainly British, as were also the Generals in the Civil War; other languages are there, but they melt into English; beneath the superficial distinction of a Republic and a Constitutional Monarchy, the same institutions exist and develop. Indeed, Dr. Gladden admits that the American constitution has produced, not a pure democracy, but a gigantic aristocracy. And the questions which press for solution are the same on both sides of the Atlantic: to purify public life, to blend discordant elements within a vast imperial whole, to harmonise individualism and collectivism, to raise the weaker classes and races. In these great tasks he shows that we need each other's support. However, much we may wish for amity with all the world, yet by far the chief interest of America lies in England, and of England in America. We have the same ideals, enshrined in the works of our poets, the same heroic names to which we appeal. The call is imperative and Divine which bids us work, and work together, for the bringing in of 'sweeter manners, purer laws,' throughout the world, for the elevation and emancipation of the souls and lives of men, for all that we imply when we pray for the coming of the kingdom of God."

DR. GLADDEN is well known in this country, and his words are welcome to us. He is at present minister of a large church

in Columbus, Ohio, and the Dean of Ripon speaks of his teaching as a rare combination of lofty idealism with a very practical sense of the facts and needs of our time. "There is the old call to repentance, but it means the welcoming of new ideas wherewith to face the actual world in God's name. There is a vindication of the Immanence of God, but it issues in a very practical doctrine of human brotherhood. There is an adherence to the ideal view of property as a fellowship with God through the material world, but it takes shape in honest trade and community of interest between employers and employed. The dykes which separate things secular from things sacred, individual conviction from the progress of society, religion from politics, are bridged over; and Pharisaic separation is replaced by the conviction of the sacredness of the world, and the religious duty of taking part in its affairs."

THE *Pacific Unitarian* comes to us month by month as a very welcome visitor, from which we have derived much interest and stimulus. The August number, which has just reached us, is occupied in its first pages with the very serious questions as to future policy raised by the successful war against Spain. The principles of the Declaration of Independence seem to be hardly consistent with a policy of colonial expansion, and the ruling of subject races. But whatever policy may ultimately be adopted, the temper that must rule is thus admirably stated:—

"We find it easy to prove the decline of the Latin races, and to 'point with pride' to the onward march of the Anglo-Saxon. What is the source of the strength of the Anglo-Saxon? Does it consist in blonde hair and blue eyes? Is it mere physical vigour and brute force? Assuredly not. The strength of the Anglo-Saxon is in his moral power,—in his integrity, his self-control, his sense of justice and love of truth. These qualities are at the base of all his progress, individual and national, and *they are not to be ignored!* We are in great danger when we begin to assert that a course which is theoretically correct is practically inexpedient. Might does not make right, and those who trust to it must in the end find it a broken reed. There is nothing on earth so inflexible, so enduring, as moral law, and the man or the nation that opposes it will be ground to powder."

SPEAKING of the lessons of the war our Contemporary adds:—

"We are fortunate, too, in having improved our opportunity to show that we fight as men, and not as infuriated beasts. When Captain Phillip, from the impulse of a generous heart, called out to his hilarious crew, 'Don't cheer: the poor devils are dying,' he touched a chord that vibrates in every true heart, and added a phrase that history and literature will not let die. Very impressive and touching, too, was his testimony to his belief in God, and the moment of bared heads and silent prayer, in the first flush of victory. Of a piece with this is the sending of a surrendered army to Spain, with the further half-humorous touch of paying a Spanish company a half-million of dollars for the cost of transportation. It is probably an innovation in warfare, but it is a good investment as a missionary enterprise, and will form an original precedent that may lead to further

amenities to the vanquished, which will tend to peace, the paradoxical end of war."

ONE is grateful for any fresh letters of Charles Lamb's, and his correspondence with Robert Lloyd, recently published in *Cornhill*, contains some delightful passages. In November, 1798, Lamb wrote to his friend:—"One passage in your letter a little displeased me. The rest was nothing but kindness, which Robert's letters are ever brimful of. You say that 'this world to you seems drained of all its sweets!' At first I had hoped you only meant to intimate the high price of sugar, but I am afraid you meant more. Oh! Robert, I don't know what you call sweet. Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets are yet in the earth. The sun and moon yet reign in heaven; and the lesser lights keep up their pretty twinklings. Meats and drinks, sweet sighs and sweet smells, a country walk, spring and autumn, follies and repentance, quarrels and reconciliements have all a sweetness by turns. Good-humour and good-nature, friends at home that love you, and friends abroad that miss you. You possess all these things, and more innumerable, and these are all sweet things. You may extract honey from everything; but do not go a-gathering after gall. The bees are wiser in their generation than the race of sonnet writers and complainers,—Bowleses and Charlotte Smiths, and all that tribe, who can see no joys but what are passed, and fill people's heads with notions of the unsatisfying nature of earthly comforts. I assure you I find this world a very pretty place."

In a further letter, dated February 7, 1801, there is an amusing ebullition of Lamb's well-known inveterate love of town:—"I perfectly understand the nature of your solitariness at Birm. (Birmingham). But courage!—you will soon be emancipated, and (it may be) have a frequent power of visiting this great place. Let them talk of Lakes and mountains and romantic dales—all that fantastic stuff: give me a ramble by night, in the winter nights in London—the lamps lit—the pavements of the motley Strand crowded with to and fro passengers—the shops all brilliant, and stuffed with obliging customers and obliged tradesmen; give me the old Bookstalls of London—a walk in the bright Piazzas of Covent Garden. I defy a man to be dull in such places—perfect Mahometan paradises upon Earth!—I have lent out my heart with usury to such scenes from my childhood up, and have cried with fulness of joy at the multitudinous scenes of Life in the crowded streets of ever dear London. I wish you could fix here. I don't know if you quite comprehend my low Urban Taste; but depend upon it, that a man of any feeling will have given his heart and his love in childhood and in boyhood to any scenes where he has been bred: as well to dirty streets (and smokey walls as they are called) as to green Lanes 'where live nibbling sheep,' and to the everlasting hills and the Lakes and ocean. A mob of men is better than a flock of sheep, and a crowd of happy faces jostling into the playhouse at the hour of six is a more beautiful spectacle to man than the shepherd driving his 'silly' sheep to fold."

SUNRISE ON PILATUS.

UPON Pilatus' peak ere dawn of day
I stood and watched the wondrous scene
below,
Lit by the setting moon's last silver glow,
And saw the placid lake that sleeping lay
Beneath, and mountains in their stern
array
Like silent guards, capped with eternal
snow;
While over all night spread her robe of
woe,
Waiting until the east should sigh
"Away!"
And as I stood a faint, mysterious breath
Swept o'er the earth; upon its wings were
borne
Pale, roseate hues that touched the mists
beneath,
And like some smile upon a face forlorn,
Like Love triumphant over Life and Death
O'er the great world flamed the resplendent
Dawn.

E. F. TESCHEMACHER.
Lucerne, Aug. 5, 1898.

OUR HYMNODY.—III.

JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.

THE work of Isaac Watts as a hymn-writer was completed while John and Charles Wesley were still at school. When, nearly twenty years later, John Wesley edited his first hymn-book, a large part of the hymns were taken from Watts. This is a link in the progress of the story, for soon after the full stream of Charles Wesley's song burst forth, and there was little need to look for any other hymns for the use of those who gathered about the preachers of the great Methodist revival.

It is worth noticing that while Watts from first to last was a Nonconformist, the Wesleys were children of parents who had both been reared as Nonconformists, but then by independent ways had become strong adherents of the Established Church, while the religious movement with which the lives of John and Charles were so closely bound up, in spite of their strong churchmanship, issued in another form of Dissent.

In passing from Watts to the Wesleys one is conscious of the refreshing blast of a new, more vigorous life. Watts is eminently worthy, but Charles Wesley is delightful. The one is as earnest as the other, and Watts has a few really beautiful notes, but Wesley has the true gift of song, and far more abundantly than with his predecessor one feels that his hymns are poured out of the heart of a living emotion. I do not mean that I like everything that Charles Wesley wrote. He not only wrote far too much to ensure even tolerable quality in a great deal of his work, but from the nature of his theology there are many expressions and some leading conceptions which must be repulsive to those who hold a different view of the methods of the spiritual life. In Wesley as in Watts there is a great deal of the Blood, which is applied for the salvation of dying worms, and frequent celebrations of a suffering, bleeding, dying God. But even Cowper could sing of "a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins," without being aware of the essentially repulsive nature of the thought; and in spite of this dreadful dialect of the ultra-evangelical school, their hymns are rich in many

beauties, springing from a truly consecrated life.

What one feels about Charles Wesley's hymns is that they come out of a vivid, active life. The difference between him and Watts is marked by this fact—that Watts, although he was sincere and strenuous in his piety, was a man chiefly of the study, who wrote hymns not altogether without the inward impulse of the singer, but largely because he felt that better hymns were needed for the churches, and set himself to supply the need, while Wesley for fifty years was in the midst of the great religious Revival, actively at work, preaching to thousands in the open air, facing angry mobs, suffering and rejoicing; and his hymns were often written in the very moments of fresh and vivid experience. He is not a contemplative student, thinking out suitable subjects for his hymns, he is not a spectator (as one sometimes feels that Watts is, when he describes the redemptive drama in heaven), who views and describes, in the hope of rousing in himself and others the emotion proper to such a spectacle and such an act, he is actually filled with the emotion of which he speaks, it is his own life that is poured out in song, the strong crying of a soul in need, or the joy of victory and the gratitude of one who has found peace and is resting in the love of God. Watts often only sings about things, Wesley's song is the thing he sings.

I have quoted sufficiently from Watts to show how he describes. But take in addition these two verses:—

Thou hast redeemed our soul from hell
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches that did once rebel,
Are now made favourites of their God.
Worthy forever is the Lord,
That died for treasons not his own,
By every tongue to be adored
And dwell upon his Father's throne!

And in contrast set these verses of Charles Wesley's, from a hymn, "Waiting for Christ the Prophet":—

Christ my hidden life appear,
Soul of my inmost soul;
Light of life, the mourner cheer,
And make the sinner whole.
Now in me thyself display,
Surely thou in all things art;
I from all things turn away
To seek thee in my heart.
Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice,
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice;
Never in the whirlwind found
Or where earthquakes rock the place
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.
From the world of sin and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe:
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in thy presence move,
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

Charles Wesley was the chief singer of the Methodist Revival, but John, his elder brother, the real founder of Methodism, also rendered considerable services to Hymnody. Their father, Samuel Wesley, for many years rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, where the boys were born, was also a poet, greatly overpraised in his own day, but now quite forgotten. There are two hymns of his preserved in the Wesleyan collection. John and Charles

Wesley, as I have said, were both strong Churchmen. Educated at Oxford, they both took Orders, and to John belongs the distinction of having edited the first hymn-book in connection with the Church of England, other than the metrical versions of the Psalms. The book was printed at Charlestown, and is dated 1737. Only one copy is known to exist, but a facsimile reprint can be had for fourpence from the Wesleyan Book-room. It was issued by Wesley during his short and somewhat stormy experience as a missionary in Georgia; and on his return to this country he printed in the following year a very similar book in London. In neither are there any of Charles Wesley's hymns. He also was in Georgia for a short time as secretary to the governor, but seems to have begun writing only after his return. In the Charlestown book thirty-one of the seventy hymns are by Watts, and in the London collection more than half of the seventy-six hymns are by the same writer. Tate and Brady are also laid under contribution, and there is what I take to be the first attempt to modernise George Herbert for congregational use. But the most notable feature of these books is the inclusion of some translations of German hymns by John Wesley himself. In the first days of the Reformation in England William Coverdale and others had made attempts at original hymnody, and had adapted some of the German hymns. But the strict rule of Calvin so soon adopted made an end of such work, and for nearly two centuries the richest store of Protestant hymns remained unknown to this country, until Wesley turned to it again, and to such good purpose.

On his voyage out to Georgia he had been greatly impressed by some Moravians, who were on board, and from them, with his untiring energy, he learnt German, and became familiar with their hymns. His rendering of the hymns is sometimes a rather free paraphrase, sometimes a closer translation, but always admirable and more fully than is often the case with translations, preserving the spirit of the original. The writers from whom he translated were chiefly Moravians, or Pietists of a kindred contemporary school, but from Paul Gerhardt, a writer of earlier date, some of the most beautiful are taken. The first book contains Richter's

My soul before thee prostrate lies
To thee, her source, my spirit flies,
My wants I mourn, my chains I see,
O let thy presence set me free.

and the second, Tersteegen's

Thou hidden love of God, whose height
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in thee.

Remembering the sort of hymns that were commonly sung in 1738, one realises something of what John Wesley did for English hymnody. Apart from these translations, it is doubtful whether he wrote many original hymns. But he altered and revised a good deal, and wrote a new first verse, "Before Jehovah's awful throne" for a hymn of Watts's. And there is a paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer attributed to him in the Wesleyan collection, containing the beautiful verses:—

Spirit of grace and health and power,
Fountain of light and love below,
Abroad thy healing influence shower,
O'er all thy servants let it flow.

Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move
Than we on earth, to do thy will.

As an editor, John Wesley's work was invaluable. He had good taste and good sense, and both were needed in a movement apt to be carried away by overmastering emotion. In a sermon towards the end of his life he refers to his translating some Moravian hymns, and the care he took to pare off every improper word or expression, everyone that seemed too familiar, especially in hymns addressed to Christ, to avoid every fondling expression. He himself, he said, never used those common phrases, "Dear Lord," "Dear Saviour," though they occur in his brother's hymns, and he scrupled to sing such lines even when Charles wrote them, as "that dear disfigured face," and "drop thy warm blood upon my heart." He refused to reprint two hymns which though characterised as "doggerel double-distilled," he was assured were most popular throughout the country, one being the hymn from John Mason, "A Christ I have, O, what a Christ I have." He was sorry, he said, if they were popular. He dared not countenance in any degree such an insult on religion and common sense. The Wesleys always spoke their mind in the frankest manner.

That his sound judgment in such matters was never at fault would be too much to affirm. He included in his standard collection a hymn, also said to be very popular, by Charles Wesley, containing the verses:—

My Jesus to know
And feel his blood flow
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.
Yet onward I haste
To the heavenly feast:
That, that is the fulness; but this is the taste!
And this I shall prove
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

If Charles Wesley had cared in the least for literary reputation he could hardly have allowed such verses to appear under his name. But his one desire was to be of use, with his hymns as with his other powers—and there is no doubt the people liked to sing such lines as those.

The wonder is, with the constant outpouring of his hymns—over 6,000 altogether he is said to have written—that the standard of quality is as high as it is.

From the time when the brothers returned from Georgia, when already Whitefield's preaching had "set the kingdom in a blaze," and they were led by his example to go out as field preachers throughout the country—that is from the year 1739, when Charles Wesley was thirty-two, until 1786, two years before his death at the age of eighty, the progress of the religious revival was accompanied by a continuous publication of hymns, in books large and small—sixty-two are counted, and many of them are exclusively of Charles Wesley's hymns and other poems. In size they range from a collection in two volumes of over 2,000 short hymns on selected passages of Scripture, published in 1762, to a leaflet of only three hymns, "on occasion of his being prosecuted in Ireland as a vagabond." And as to subject, it would be difficult to find any aspect of religion, or indeed anything of interest in life, from the Methodist point of view, which is not dealt with in one or other of the hymns.

There never was a more universal singer. What very definite and particular interests he provided for will be seen from the fact that in his collection of Hymns for a Family are several "For a child cutting its teeth," "On sending a child to the boarding-school," "For an unconverted husband," "For an undutiful son," and one hymn "To be sung at the tea-table." Then there are hymns in time of tumult, on occasion of an earthquake, for fast and thanksgiving days, and on special religious and theological subjects, hymns of Intercession for all mankind, including King George, the Prince of Wales, the King of Prussia, the British army, magistrates, nobility, and Parliament, for the Turks, for the Arians, Socinians, Deists, Pelagians, &c. Nothing but positive illness could interrupt this constant stream of song, and, indeed, he dictated verses on his death-bed. He often wrote on horseback on his long missionary journeys, and occasionally in the metre as well as the quality of the hymn, one seems to hear the steady trotting of his honest cob.

But taken all together it is a glorious body of hymns, and while we must not forget the honour due to Isaac Watts as practically the maker of the English congregational hymn, and the parallel I drew between him and the early German singers is, I believe, true and just—yet the power of the Methodist Hymnody was greater, it marks a more original and widespread popular movement, and in many ways furnishes a completer parallel to that great uprising of the German people, for liberty and personal religion, which was prophetic of a Reformation greater still and yet to be accomplished. Watts stands first in point of time, belonging to an earlier generation than the Wesleys. He was the inaugurator of a new era in English hymnody. He was, as Mr. Horder says, "the founder of the choir, but in it Charles Wesley's is the noblest voice."

Watts was the first to show in this country what great purposes a book of congregational hymns might serve, how greatly by such means the devout utterance of Christian hearts might be enriched, but then came Charles Wesley and kindled a new fire of devotion, with a keener, more searching flame, and a hunger for yet more beautiful songs in the hearts of those who had gained their liberty and had learnt to sing.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

[TO PUBLISHERS.—All Books, &c., sent to THE INQUIRER will be acknowledged under this head, with name of publisher and price, if supplied. The necessities of our space, however, compel us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.]

The Parallel Psalter. By Rev. S. R. Driver. 6s. (Clarendon Press.)

A Mechanico-Physiological Theory of Organic Evolution. By Carl Von Nägeli. (Kegan Paul.)

Rex Regum. By Sir Wyke Bayliss, F.S.A. (Bell and Sons.)

Biographical Stories. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1s. (Sonnenschein.)

England and America. By W. Gladden. 6d. (Clarke and Co.)

Cornhill, Macmillan's, The Century, St. Nicholas, Contemporary, New Century, Nineteenth Century.

LITERATURE.

CENTENARY OF THE "LYRICAL BALLADS."*

IN the early days of September, 1798, anonymously, and "humbly put up in paper boards," the adventurous little volume, here so excellently reprinted and edited, slipped quietly into the world of literature from the house of Joseph Cottle, of Bristol. It marked a new era in the poetry of England. It was the voice of an awaking life, a fresh and vigorous inspiration, the strength of which is unwearied and effective still.

Messrs. Duckworth's reprint, with the admirable Introduction and Notes by Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, helps us to live again in that delightful dawn of a new day in English song, which the closing years of the eighteenth century knew. We may be tempted at first to regret the addition of "Peter Bell" and the three pieces by Coleridge, which were not included in the original edition of 1798. The unique little volume, as the poets themselves determined it for its first venture, would have so well sufficed us. Yet two, at least, of the additional poems—"Peter Bell" and "The Three Graves"—are so closely related in their feeling and manner to the first series, that it were ungracious to complain of their being included here. If we read steadily through this book to the end of the last-mentioned poem, the spirit which drew these two singers together, and the temper which should so widely separate them in their after work, become singularly clear. One in their revolt from eighteenth-century methods, one in their resolve to get back to Nature and her fresh inspirations, one in their love for each other and generous appreciation of each other's genius—they yet were far removed in temperament and in intellectual build. How amusing, yet how pathetic, are their attempts to get along together in the making of a poem. Their close spiritual intimacy and their common aim in literature make this seem to them so possible, so desirable. Yet, happily for themselves and for us, they were soon to learn how hopeless and absurd it was. Wordsworth, moreover, had found his own enduring peace now, as on the very heart of Nature, and his inspiration in the spirit of her life. Coleridge had found but a temporary rest and relief there. Long and sorrowful wanderings lay before him, and the healing force of homely things and of quiet, though impassioned contemplation, were to be his at rarest intervals—if at all—in later years.

With other ministrations thou, O Nature! Healest thy wandering and distempered child, he sings here, and for a moment it would seem that he, too, has found the secret which had become Wordsworth's strength and joy. But we know how soon he must lose it, if really found.

Both these poets will soar into realms of mystic idealism and far spiritual vision, but one, like his own skylark, will always keep a home on the common earth, and will dwell with men in sane and sober place. The other will not; and his "hunger for the Eternal"—

* "Lyrical Ballads." By William Wordsworth and S. T. Coleridge, 1798. Edited, with certain poems of 1798, by Thomas Hutchinson. Duckworth and Co. Price 3s. 6d.

his restless, visionary intellect will keep him unbalanced and unhappy to the end. The Prologue to "Peter Bell," as M. Émile Legouis has so well shown, is Wordsworth's final answer to his friend's challenge to attempt those "airy voyages," where Coleridge himself achieved his greatest success in song. It may be difficult to read that poem without a smile. But there are lines in it which contain the happy secret of Wordsworth's strength, and have, in connection with this solitary attempt at humorous allegory, a very real significance:—

Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

That is Wordsworth, and it will be Wordsworth to the end, in his sincerest moods. He, too, will

Breathe in worlds
To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.

But there will be no despising of earth; and Nature, so charged for him with spirit and life, will remain "The anchor of my purest thoughts." Far otherwise will it be with Coleridge, and one day he will come to speak of Nature as "the Devil in a strait waistcoat"—no more as one that "Healest thy wandering and distempered child."

Mr. Hutchinson's Notes to the poems, though brief, are of great interest, and the many alterations to which the poets subjected their early work in later editions are given with much care and completeness. But the Introduction is of most value, as bringing out with exceeding clearness the intimate relationship between the two men—their powerful influence upon each other, their faithful appreciation, yet frank criticism, of each other's work. What can be happier than the following, which Coleridge, as Hazlitt reports, said of Wordsworth? "His genius was not a spirit that descended to him through the air; it sprang out of the ground like a flower, or unfolded itself like a green spray, on which the goldfinch sang." Coleridge, indeed, rather laments this—wishes his friend could be more ethereal and "superstitious"; but he goes on to say of Wordsworth's philosophic verse, that it "had a grand and comprehensive spirit in it, so that his soul seemed to inhabit the universe like a palace, and to discover truth by intuition, rather than by deduction." This was said in 1798, and it makes one think of those few really great things which Wordsworth, up to this time, had written, and of the immense advance in his development since the "Descriptive Sketches" of 1793. Very slowly his genius came to its maturity. But swiftly at last it broke into flower, and the spring and early summer of 1798 formed, perhaps, the most luxuriant period of his productiveness. Hardly again, in so few brief months, did the clear authentic voice of Wordsworth find such free spontaneous utterance. Mightier and more ambitious things were to be attempted and achieved. But those early months of that great year—from "The first mild day of March" till the 13th of July when, near Tintern Abbey,

Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky,

—those four months mark the occasion to which we turn with joy to feel around us the light and warmth of a new glad day in English song. Wordsworth may have surpassed the lyric beauty and simplicity of the verses addressed "To my Sister" and the "Lines written in early Spring"; he may have equalled, in later verse, the strength and splendour of the "Lines" murmured to himself as he walked from the Wye to the Avon during four long summer days; and Coleridge may have rivalled his own "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." But the freshness of the morning is on these young exultant pages, and the promise of all the after days is "half revealed and half concealed" within them. The writers are glad and strong because, for them, a night of much spiritual distress is over, and the dawn of hope, in which their powers spring into activity, has come. One of them, at least, has finally freed himself from despair and is assured of the work to which, henceforth, he will be,

Else sinning greatly, a dedicated spirit.

Two portraits, in photogravure—one of Wordsworth taken in 1798, one of Coleridge taken in 1795—add to the interest of this little volume. The Editor acknowledges his indebtedness to many students of Wordsworth and Coleridge, especially to M. Émile Legouis, whose delightful book on the "Early Life of William Wordsworth" is, perhaps, the most exhaustive and the most fascinating study of "The Prelude" we are likely to know. It is a piece of ideal criticism, and, as the unbiassed judgment of a French writer on an English poet, is of quite surpassing interest. It throws a clear and strong light on the years which precede that "golden prime of 1798"; and to read again the "Lyrical Ballads," after reading that work, is to read them with fresh insight and appreciation and a more discriminating joy.

Is it too much to hope that the close of the present century may be rendered memorable by the gift of some noble and impassioned verse, not less inspired, not less inspiring than that which, just a hundred years ago, this little volume offered to an alien world? And were that granted, in an utterance unconventional and original as this, would it receive a less unfriendly welcome than that which greeted the brave but homely venture of those English singers then? W. J. JUPP.

"INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY."*

[THIRD NOTICE.]

PART III. of Mr. and Mrs. Webb's "Industrial Democracy" utilises the results of the investigations already described. It states why the older economists condemned Trade Unions, and gives a thorough explanation of the breakdown of the Wage-Fund theory. Trade Unions have proved their economic right to exist, and their effective power to raise wages, mainly because of two facts. The first is that people save, and seek remunerative investment for their capital, in order to secure a certain income rather than in order to lay by a certain amount. Consequently, a fall in the rate of interest stimulates, instead of checking, saving.

* "Industrial Democracy." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Longmans, 1897. Two vols. 25s. net. See INQUIRER, May 7 and Aug. 20.

If more must be saved to produce the required income, more is saved. Of course, there is a limit to this, but the Wage-Fund theory entirely failed to take proper account of a tendency which has done more than anything else to lower the rate of interest during the last quarter of a century. The other fact is the check to the growth of population during the same period. Increased prosperity has caused the working-classes to become more prudent in the limitation of their own numbers. No fact is more certain, and few things can be more important in its present effects or in its influence on the future history of our nation. Very little, however, is really known on the subject; the statistics of the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society are almost the only ones available; and of all economic problems this one seems most deserving of immediate and thorough investigation. The conjunction of these two facts—the enormous increase of capital seeking the labourer, and the limitation to the number of labourers seeking the capitalist—has enabled Trade Unions to greatly benefit the condition of their class.

In a chapter on "The Higgling of the Market" we have a new and admirable analysis of the processes of bargaining through which commodities pass on their way from the producer to the consumer. Here we find a final answer to the questions why are Trade Unions needful; and why, in particular, must they be organisations prepared to fight their own employers; why need they be so jealous of all attempts to identify the interests of workmen and capitalists, and so intent on marshalling the whole body of workmen in one compact army which can, when thought desirable, face the capitalists with a firmly-united opposition? The reason is certainly not any unscrupulous greed or hardness of heart on the part of the actual employers of labour. They prefer to be kindly and generous. But they love to sell their manufactures to a class of buyers who are perpetually seeking to pay less for what they buy; and this class is under similar pressure from another class, till we reach the actual consumer. The result is a tendency to "nibble at wages," which has to be resisted somehow. It is no good to blame anybody for this desire to make bargains; the retail purchaser is too far removed from the producer to realise the misery that may result; and each intermediate class of agents is under a stress of competition seldom understood except by those actually engaged in business. There are no fortunes made now except by those who have secured something of the nature of a monopoly. Under the reign of modern free trade—in the wide acceptance of the term—the workpeople must stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of their own interests, and the employers must be enabled to tell the buyers that whatever bargain is concluded, wages cannot be lowered except at the risk of a strike.

We can only briefly notice a few more of the interesting points dealt with in these substantial volumes. The evil of attempting to meet the introduction of new machinery by offering to do the old work for less pay is strikingly illustrated in connection with the cotton handloom weaver. It involves hopeless deterioration of workmanship, and the final loss of all that was valuable under the old conditions. On the other hand, the trades in hand-

made boots and high-class tailoring have maintained their position, and their excellent workmanship for those who are willing to pay for it, in the face of an enormous increase in competition from a lower-class, more mechanical, industry, by steadily refusing to take lower wages. A section on Parasitic Trades deals with just severity on employments which are not self-supporting to the extent of maintaining and replacing the workpeople engaged in them, but can be carried on only by using up their "hands," then casting them aside as a burden on the whole community, and enlisting new victims from healthier and better remunerated employments. This can be regulated only by law. For the lower classes of labour there is an "unlimited reserve army made up of the temporarily unemployed of every other class." Trade Unions have failed here.

An important fact is thus indicated:—"If, for example, we compare the distribution of industry in Great Britain fifty years ago with that of the present day, we are struck at once by the enormous increase in the proportion occupied by textile manufactures (especially cotton), ship-building, machine-making, and coal-mining, as compared with agriculture, and with those skilled handicrafts like watch-making, silk-weaving, and glove-making, for which England was once celebrated. To whatever causes we may ascribe the success of the former industries, it is at least a striking coincidence that they are exactly those in which the Device of the Common Rule, whether enforced by Collective Bargaining or Legal Enactment, has been most extensively and continuously employed." Further expansion, moreover, is now taking place in the higher grades of these industries that are best protected by Trade Union regulations, and the average workman's skill thus raised by weeding out the incompetent, while the industries from which we are being ousted are those in which a standard rate and a normal day have never been enforced. Most significant is, of course, the decline in agriculture. Nothing has been saved, and much has been lost, by letting the agricultural labourer be reduced to a bare subsistence; a better future for our farms may be expected if we ever see a strong Agricultural Labourers' Union.

To a large extent the book is a justification of the right kind of Trade Unionism, which is thus defined:—"The Trade Union of the future will, therefore, be co-extensive with its craft, national in its scope, centralised in its administration, and served by an expert official staff of its own." Those only will sympathise with this development who approve the end in view, and who believe that the wage-earners of the country, while gradually getting their due, are very far yet from having secured in all departments the subsistence which can support human life in any way that can be considered satisfactory. The standard of health is miserably low throughout whole masses of the community, the burden thrown on the women ought to be intolerable, the chances offered to the children are poor indeed. But matters have marvellously improved during the last half century, and Mr. and Mrs. Webb have shown the share of the improvement due to Trade Unions by the publication of the results of six years' skilful and conscientious toil.

H. SHAEN SOLLY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME; and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.]

RITUAL.

SIR,—The great controversy now raging over "Ritualism," to which your leading article a fortnight ago referred, opens up the question of what I may call "Righteous Ritualism" in connection with our own places of worship.

We all know, of course, that the word "ritualism," as at present used, refers almost exclusively to the use of ritual to teach sacramental and sacerdotal doctrines. Altars, candles, vestments, incense, &c., are only means to an end. Where the whole basis of religious thought as held by liberal thinkers and preachers utterly excludes all necessity for priest or sacrament, ritual assumes a new aspect. We are all of us ritualists in a sense. Our simple order of Divine worship is *our* ritual, call it what we may; it is the rite by means of which we avoid confusion and disorder in our meetings. But there is no danger attaching to our rites, because no doctrine is expressed by them save that of the worship of God, who is Spirit, in spirit and in truth. Might we not, however, learn some lessons from those whose doctrinal ritualism is alien to our thought and feeling?

Take, for instance, the beautification of the places in which we worship. Here in Liverpool a rich churchman of ritualistic proclivities has bought up one by one the presentation to various churches in neglected districts; many of them dirty, gloomy, and altogether forbidding in their ugliness. By a judicious expenditure of taste and money he has turned them into attractive and restful sanctuaries, where at least a sense of the outer beauty of holiness is evident. But I have been into many an old chapel where what we believe to be the purest and highest form of Christianity is preached, which was absolutely forbidding in its chill dreariness. A workhouse seems to be the model by which the colouring of walls and ceilings is guided. Not one touch of glow and warmth relieves the bare monotony. Even the pulpit cushion is too often black with age, while the linings of the miserably uncomfortable old pews, are, like Joseph's coat, of many colours, but none attractive. Twenty pounds expended on a tasteful and cosy tint of distemper; on curtains and other hangings of crimson plushette (cheap and rich in effect) and other easy adornments, would make the wilderness to smile. Probably there is some one individual in the congregation who could do the whole thing and never feel the poorer. But, alas! the crass conservatism which freezes so much of our supposed progressive and liberal thought forbids any change! Flowers and plants are cheap and plentiful. Ferns, palms, &c., in the old-fashioned window-bottoms round the chapel would give a touch of life and beauty: flowers on the table which commemorates the domestic supper of passover, hallowed by its Christian remembrance, are, of all things, fitting symbols of ever-springing life: but, alas! again, they are banned as "ritualistic." Why, all the year round I have flowers, ferns, plants, in our church-hall at Bootle,

and everyone would miss them if they were absent. Yet I go into country chapels as bare as if the God of beauty had never created such a "ritualistic" thing as a flower.

The question of forms of service has been threshed out again and again, and is too well known to need re-stating. After years of dislike of all liturgical forms, I have adopted a very brief order of service in place of the first prayer; a sentence; part of the *Te Deum*, some collects with sung response, and the Lord's prayer sung: and then all the rest of the service after the old Nonconformist fashion. We grow to love it more and more, and I feel certain it adds to the beauty of our worship. Yet there is no suspicion of "ritualism," in a dangerous sense, about it.

I heartily wish that many ministers and congregations who have gone year after year in the ruts of ages would shake themselves up, and add to the beauty of holiness the idea of the holiness of beauty. It is shameful, to my thinking, that men and women will devote to the worship of God a bare barn of a chapel, yet will make their own houses as rich and comfortable as their means will allow of.

Waterloo.

H. W. HAWKES.

P.S.—Should any reader like to see the short orders of service we find helpful, if they will send me a stamped and addressed envelope I will send a copy free. If they would like the music (including a number of new hymn tunes) fourpence will cover it.

THE WARRINGTON ACADEMY.

SIR,—Will you allow me to state, in justice to Warrington, and for the satisfaction of your readers, that the doleful presentation of the state of the old academy, in your last issue, needs to be corrected to date? With a local patriotism worthy of all praise, the Corporation of the ancient borough proposed to itself the fitting restoration of the old building as one of its Jubilee efforts of last year. When I was at Warrington this summer, I found that the great shop which hid the building had been pulled down, and the old academy has its front again open towards "Mersey's gentle current." The space thus gained is to be planted, a memorial inscription set up, and the house itself, I believe, devoted to the purposes of a Free Library. The picture of "the academy, as it might be," which figures as the frontispiece of an interesting brochure entitled "The Most Interesting House in Warrington," by H. Stuart Page (Warrington: "Sunrise" Publishing Company, 1898), is about to become reality. And it is an additional satisfaction to all who care for Manchester College and its ancestry to think that this admirable result is closely connected with the local interest which was aroused by the effort which placed the noble "Warrington Window" in our library.

J. EDWIN ODGERS.

Manchester College, Oxford, Aug. 30.

DR. A. R. WALLACE AND VACCINATION.

SIR,—Mr. Lummis seems to be surprised at my taking "self-created scourges" to mean scourges that create themselves; what else can the words mean? Mr. Lummis says that they mean scourges that have been created by something else, and

apologises for it as a rather "ungraceful" phrase. If he is right then Dr. Wallace's language lacks that precision which we are entitled to expect from a scientific man—that is, it is unscientific.

I base no argument upon Dr. Wallace's diagram. I simply deny that the diagram supports his own argument. Perhaps I put the case too mildly and did not make my meaning clear.

Dr. Wallace's theory is, without I greatly misunderstand him, that the prevalence of smallpox at any given time and place is due to the existence of insanitary conditions, and that its decline in the same place at another time is to be accounted for by the improvement in the sanitary conditions.

He gives a particular case as proof of this theory (Chap. III., London). His words are, "I maintain that there is ample direct evidence, for those who look for it, of great improvements in the hygienic conditions of London quite adequate to account for the great decline in the general mortality, and therefore equally to account for the lesser decline in zymotic diseases, and in smallpox which began in the last century, and became somewhat intensified in the first quarter of the present century." (P. 39.) So far good, he may be right. He then goes on to say that this decline was "followed twenty years later by a complete check or even a partial rise." It would have been more correct to have said a very serious rise, for such his diagram shows it to have been. This rise was probably due, as he says, to the fact that sanitary improvements did not keep pace with the increase of population, and so "conditions were prepared for that increase of zymotic disease which constitutes so remarkable a feature of the London death-rates between 1848 and 1866." (P. 37.)

Now, according to his theory the death-rate from smallpox ought to have risen with that of the other zymotic diseases during this very insanitary period. And so in the next sentence (p. 39) he says it did—"This rise was equally marked in smallpox as in the other diseases, which proved," &c., &c.

This is a most extraordinary and incomprehensible statement, for his own diagram shows that smallpox still continued to decline, and was lower between 1850 and 1860 than it had ever been before.

Now when Dr. Wallace himself draws a descending line and argues upon the assumption that it is an ascending one, even the respect to which he is entitled as "the discoverer of Natural Selection" will not exempt him from criticism.

WALTER LLOYD.

On the subject of Vaccination, Mr. W. A. Leonard, of Bristol, also writes, urging that the inoculation of one generation after another can hardly fail to have other results than the hoped-for immunity from small-pox, and quotes the opinion of a dentist that the deplorable unsoundness of the teeth of the rising generation was one result. He also asks whether the increase in consumption, cancer, and paralysis may not also be due to the same cause. He thinks that inoculation, as a safeguard against this and other diseases (which would logically follow, if vaccination is wise) is a false method, and pleads as a better alternative for greater cleanliness and due attention to sanitation.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Now we are all home again after our delightful Lake-land holiday, and I can tell you I am as sorry as any of you that that happy time is over. Perhaps you didn't know—but I have been with you all the time. When that wonderful holiday car started and you called out, "Good-bye, Mr. Editor," I said to myself, "I dare-say!" and I jumped up behind, and came right along with you. And I am sure none of you have enjoyed our six weeks in Troutbeck more than I have. What I enjoyed most, I think, was when we were out for the whole day, and had scrambled up through the wood out on to the open moor-land, and there was our old friend the Beck, "running to meet us, as merry and cheery as possible, blinking and winking in the bright sunlight," and then, when Jack had 500 invitations to lunch all at once! But it was all delightful, and I want to thank our friend, Mr. Cantrell, very much, for myself and for you all, for the pleasure he has given us.

But now we are home again, and although I am very sorry the holiday is over, yet, as Mr. Cantrell said last week, there's no place like home, and I like to think of the many pleasant talks that other friends have in store for us. But just to-day I want to finish my talk about the value of little things.

If you remember, I asked you to think out for yourselves some ways in which the little things make up this great and beautiful world. For instance, I said, pick up a bit of broken brick, think what it is made up of, each little atom being in its right place (first properly mixed, and moulded to the right shape, and then baked hard), and then think of all the things you can that are done with bricks in the world.

I remember once being told about the station and hotel at St. Pancras, in London, where the Midland Railway comes in. It is a great pile of buildings, all of brick. And I was told that as many as sixty million bricks had been used for those buildings. But each one of them had to be taken singly and put in its right place, and if that had not been done the great walls would not be strong and true as they are to-day, there would not have been those fine arches and the splendid station and hotel.

Last summer, when I was in Germany, I stayed at Lübeck, a beautiful old town, where there are a number of churches built of brick. How many million bricks had to be used I cannot say, but I want to tell you something else about one of the churches. It is a very old church, with two tall spires, side by side, like Lichfield Cathedral here in England; and because it was so old one of the spires had grown quite crooked, so that it seemed in danger of falling on to the houses below. There was a great deal of talk and wondering what could be done, and many people said the old spire would have to be taken down, to prevent a dreadful accident. But a wise master-builder in the town, said that need not be done, for he could put it straight again; and so he did. He showed his men the way, beginning at the bottom of the spire loosening one row of bricks at a time, with the utmost care and skill, while the great building was held firm, and setting them exactly in the right place again, so that when the work

was done, the old spire had grown straight and beautiful again. While the work was going on many people were afraid, and said it was too dangerous, but the master-builder knew what he was about; he knew what a difference even a shade of an inch would make, and how each of the bricks could be set exactly straight; and so the good work was done, and the people were all glad.

And now for another example of the same truth: let me tell you a little about some creatures, some of the humblest that there are, which perhaps you may have thought quite useless and only disagreeable, if you have dug them up in the garden—I mean the common earth worms. Some day, if you read the book that wise old Charles Darwin wrote all about them, you will understand better how useful and wonderful they are. They are busy, active little creatures. If you look at a worm you see that it is nothing but a long, thin body, without arms or legs; but it manages to get along very well. You must watch how it does it. And it has no eyes or ears, but it knows the difference between light and darkness, and feels when you touch it. So never be cruel even to a worm. You know those tiny little heaps of earth you often see on the grass, or on a path, or even between the flags in any paved place. Those have been thrown up by worms in their burrowings, and that is the really useful work they are always doing. They are the great ploughmen of the earth. Burrowing about, they nibble up bits of leaves and stick, and earth, too, and passing through their long bodies it all goes to make rich, fine soil. And so where millions of them have been at work for many years in a stony country, gradually all the big stones get covered up by the fine, rich soil the worms have made; the longer they work the deeper the stones get buried, and there comes to be the beautiful meadow land, where cattle graze, or where men can plough up the rich soil again, and grow corn or other crops. So, I say, the worms are famous ploughmen, and we ought not to despise them when they have done so much to make our country rich and beautiful.

Another thing Mr. Darwin tells us they have done. Throwing up their little heaps of earth between the cracks in pavement, these get trodden down, and as more and more fine earth is thrown up, if it is a place people do not think much about the pavement may get quite covered over with soil, and so forgotten. And this has happened with some very interesting and valuable old Roman pavements. Hundreds of years ago these useful little creatures covered them up with a safe deep covering of soft earth; so they were buried and forgotten, till one day a farmer ploughing up his meadow came upon them again, and now we can see for ourselves the sort of pavement the old Romans made when they lived in our country. That is very interesting and valuable work for the worms to have done; but, of course, their real great work is as useful gardeners and ploughmen, making the good soil. And I think you will agree with me that they are a capital example of the use of little things, and of how wonderfully God works through His humblest creatures.

So we may learn, even from the worms, to be faithful in little things, and not to despise, but to honour, all humble, faithful workers.

The Inquirer.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

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THE INQUIRER can be had by order of any News-agent in the United Kingdom, or direct from the Publisher, 3, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C. If by post, the prepaid terms are:—

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LONDON, SEPTEMBER 3, 1898.

THE HOPE OF PEACE.

THE great event of the week has been the publication of the proposal by the Emperor of RUSSIA of an International Conference to consider the possibility of the reduction of armaments and the maintenance of general peace. The EMPEROR'S communication, which has been addressed to all the Governments that have accredited representatives at St. Petersburg, is a clear and straightforward statement of the present intolerable condition of the armed nations of Europe.

Peace is the desire of the nations, but there is no confidence or mutual trust, and hitherto the only possible method of securing peace has been judged to be a constant readiness for war, and a consequent steady increase of armaments. Hence the growing waste of intellectual and physical strength, millions of men kept from all productive activity, and others active only in producing terrible engines of destruction. And as with men, so with means, which might be devoted to beneficent uses—hundreds of millions devoted to that baleful purpose, and with no prospect of any lessening of the waste, since the most perfect arms are constantly superseded, and no one can afford to be left behind in the mad race. These financial charges, says the manifesto, "following a forward march strike at the public prosperity at its very source." The armed peace of our day has become a crushing burden which the peoples have more and more difficulty in bearing. "It appears evident that if this state of things were prolonged it would inevitably lead to the very cataclysm which it is desired to avert, and the horrors of which

make every thinking being shudder in advance."

These are facts which have long been clear to thoughtful men, but the cause of peace is immeasurably advanced when they are thus stated by the autocratic ruler of one of the great military Powers of the Continent. "To put an end to these incessant armaments, and to seek the means of warding off the calamities which are threatening the whole world—such is the supreme duty which is to-day imposed upon all States." Therefore the EMPEROR makes his proposal, and concludes with the following memorable words:—

"This Conference would be, by the help of God, a happy presage for the century which is about to open. It would converge in one powerful focus the efforts of all the States which are sincerely seeking to make the great conception of universal peace triumph over the elements of trouble and discord. It would, at the same time, cement their agreement by a corporate consecration of the principles of equity and right, on which rest the security of States and the welfare of peoples."

Whatever may be the immediate outcome of this appeal, and whatever motives may have contributed towards the issue of it at the present time, there can be no question of its inherent wisdom and truth. The difficulties standing in the way of any such international agreement are, of course, immense, and we may not dare to hope for any immediate practical result. The conflict of interests would appear to be too acute, and, in particular, the bitter memories connected with Alsace and Lorraine seem an obstacle insurmountable in this generation.

And yet, on the other side, the pressure of economic necessity must make itself felt with growing force, and the instinct of self-preservation may at last compel the military nations to a new self-control. The Conference will confer one incalculable benefit if it concentrates the attention of Europe upon this aspect of the question, and serves to drive home the cogency of the TSAR'S appeal.

The meeting of such a Conference can hardly fail to strengthen the cause of humanity. It will turn the thoughts of all civilised nations to the ideal which is aimed at, and while it brings together chosen representatives of each for an avowedly pacific and humane purpose, it will afford an opportunity, unparalleled in history, for the advocates of peace and amity among the nations to draw more closely together, to break down prejudice and overcome misunderstanding, and to plead with a new force for justice, for the mutual consideration of a true brotherhood, and for the supreme grace of Christian charity.

We have long felt that the nations of Europe must ultimately be driven to refuse the burden of the present

destructive military system, but had looked for the first effectual protest to come from the growing forces of democracy. But if the humanity of the TSAR should prove to be effectual to this great end, he will indeed be crowned with honour, and the gratitude of nations will be to him a treasure greater than all the pomp of military fame.

There will be opposition, open and veiled, to any such international agreement, and there will doubtless be abundant suggestion of sinister and selfish motive at the back of this endeavour; but all friends of peace and of humanity must be united in the hope and the endeavour, that the genuine motives of good may prevail, and the counsels of wisdom may prove ultimately stronger than the passions which divide and destroy. The Conference may not realise all the ardent hopes which the TSAR'S proposal has kindled,

Yet every prayer for universal peace
Awaits the blessed time to expedite.

HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH.

YESTERDAY was the fourth anniversary of the death of JOHN HAMILTON THOM, a teacher whose silent influence remains a benediction and a quickening power in many lives. The two series of his sermons, "Laws of Life after the Mind of Christ," are rich in spiritual wisdom, with a penetrating insight and appeal not found in the printed words of many preachers, and they are destined, if we mistake not, to take their place among the religious classics of our people. The further volume, posthumously published, under the title, "A Spiritual Faith," with Dr. MARTINEAU'S memorial preface, also contains sermons of a like quality. Remembering the value of these books, we are grateful that another little volume by the same author has not been suffered to remain long out of print. "Christ the Revealer" was the title originally placed on the cover of a little volume published in 1859, and containing six sermons preached in Renshaw-street Chapel, Liverpool, the title-page bearing the fuller description, "The Revelation of God and Man in the Son of God and the Son of Man." These sermons, twenty years later, were revised by the author, and republished by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, with the addition of two essays contributed by Mr. THOM to the *Theological Review*, the first on the "Doctrine of an Eternal Son," the second on "Prayer." It is of this book that a third edition is now issued.*

The six sermons are an exposition of Christian faith, explaining how it is that CHRIST reveals both God and man,

* "Christ the Revealer." Discourses and Essays by the late John Hamilton Thom. Third edition. Philip Green, 5, Essex-street, Strand. 2s. 6d.

and leads all tempted men to the grace and help of God, setting forth the chief points of the Christian Unitarian position, both doctrinal and devotional and pastoral, and, finally, dealing with the questions of inspiration and miracle. There may be many whose interpretation of the New Testament and Christian history and actual experience of discipleship to CHRIST render it impossible for them to accept the exact doctrinal position, which Mr. THOM expounds, in regard to CHRIST; but we cannot imagine any save the most shallow and self-satisfied reading these discourses and failing to find them rich in spiritual helpfulness and enlightenment.

As an example of the quality of the sermons we will take a passage from the third on the doctrinal position of the Christian Unitarian:—

A religious man, of Christ's order, is not one who believes in certain doctrines about God and desires to live in conformity with those doctrines; he is one who is in personal communion with God Himself—whose spirit looks to the Holy Spirit for light and love and peace by the direct action of Soul on Soul—whose faith rests ultimately upon no outward evidence of Divine Goodness—and can be shaken by no conflicting appearances—upon no doubtful reasonings, and upon no uncertain philosophy, but upon the experiences of a living and inward action of God's Spirit as a fact of consciousness. Religion is not the knowledge, or the study, or the practice of impersonal Truth; it is to be in direct and living fellowship with a personal God. The first may belong to a very lofty state of the moral character; the other alone is the attitude of a child in filial relations with the Author and Feeder of his nature.

* * * * *

Now if a full communion with God is the object and end of the religious life in each of us—and if the aid we can afford to one another through the warmth of sympathy by reflection of that portion of the Infinite Right which we severally receive is the justifying ground of Churches—then it is clear that the central figure in the Church on earth, our Guide, our Leader, and our Head, must be that Person who has brought this Human Nature of ours into the fullest communion with God at all points of spiritual contact—whose spirit is the fullest Image of the Father of us all—whose Life, being the most deeply rooted in the Divine Truth and the Divine Benignity, is the most harmonious in all its outgoings—and who therefore is endowed with the largest power to act upon, and open every latent spiritual susceptibility which God has put into our being—the very Sun of Righteousness, collecting in himself all the rays which fall singly upon us—the glory of which we severally have only one or more of the separate beams—the very Likeness of Him whose lineaments appear only one by one in us, and even that only in germ and faintness. The Head of the Church is that Person who “shows” most fully to his brethren their common Father—through whose spirit to our existing, but undeveloped, sensibilities the largest measure of the Divine glory streams forth with living power. And as the Church on earth is a human Church, a Man must be its leader. The Church accordingly in its etymological sense our Lord's House, in its spiritual sense is the whole Household of God.

In conjunction with this sermon should be read the first of the Essays, “On the Doctrine of an Eternal Son in Organic Communion with the Human Soul: Does it tend to Exalt or to Degrade the Type of Religious Life?”—a most searching criticism of

the Christology of MAURICE and the late RICHARD HUTTON, showing, as it seems to us, unanswerably, that it is the human CHRIST who really helps and reveals to us the true life of the children of God.

We would also urge our readers, who have been long familiar with it, to turn again to the sermon on the “Devotional and Pastoral” aspects of Unitarianism, and those who do not yet know this sermon, for their soul's health to ponder its teaching.

And with this also the concluding essay on “Prayer”:—“The first condition of effectual prayer is that we do not speak into empty space, that the awe of the great Presence is upon us, that the mighty Shadow has circled us in, the Spirit brooding in our souls in a sense of One very nigh in whom love and holiness are perfect—and that then we speak, if we speak at all, only as we are moved, only that which we should dare to speak if we stood before His face and saw the majesty of God.”

ON CORNISH CLIFFS.

FLASHING white wings,
White wings and grey,
Over the wide blue sea that sings,
Sings and sighs all day,
Tossing its snowy spray.

Deep azure sky,
Cloud-flecked and bright,
Arching above so fair and high,
Flooding earth with light,
Crossed by the seagulls' flight.

Great arms of land,
Clasping the sea
Gently, as might a loving hand
Holding one that's free,
Clinging so tenderly.

Here lie and rest
On this green bed,
Where the pure breeze blows from
the West,
Pillowing your head
Softly on heather red.

'Twixt heav'n and earth
Dream we our dreams.
Glad peaceful thoughts here have
their birth.
Far the city seems,
Where population teems.

But 'neath our feet
In dim sea caves,
Thundrous, the rock and water meet.
There old ocean raves,
Hurling his baffled waves.

So from afar
Comes the sad thought
Of toiling crowds our joy to mar.
Our sweet rest is brought
By the task they have wrought.

But freedom reigns
Here by the sea,
And some day God will loose their
chains.
Thenceforth, e'en as we,
They also shall be free.

THEODORA MILLS.

Newquay, Aug., 1898.

AN EARNEST HERETIC.

WE received some little time ago from Heidelberg a German tract boldly printed on eight quarto pages, containing a challenge to the Churches of Christendom. “Sixty Propositions against the False Teaching of the Churches” is the title of this vigorous manifesto, and the author of it, Herr Gottfried Schwarz, was, at the time of its publication in 1894, pastor of the Evangelical Church at Binau in Baden. His views of Christian truth, which are those of a convinced and very earnest Unitarian, had been already made known in several pamphlets, and when he proposed to make this further popular appeal, which he felt to be vital to the cause of spiritual religion, the authorities of the Church in Baden intervened. Herr Schwarz could not, however, be silenced, and in consequence of his refusal to obey the ecclesiastical injunction, which forbade the publication of his tract, he was deprived of his office, but received a small retiring pension. The “Sixty Propositions” have had a wide circulation, a sixth edition, bringing up the number to 70,000, having quite recently been issued, in a more convenient form, as a sixteen-page pamphlet. We intend next week to publish a complete translation of the Propositions, and by way of introduction will add here some further particulars as to their author.

Gottfried Schwarz was born in 1845, at Kornthal, near Stuttgart, in the very bosom, therefore, of the strictest evangelical piety. For Kornthal is a separate religious community, the outcome of a native Pietistic movement, founded in 1819 by Gottlieb Wilhelm Hoffmann, with special privileges from the King of Württemberg. There had been a curious movement among the Württembergers early in the century, in re-action against what was felt to be a somewhat arid rationalism dominating the Church. Fervent piety, blended with visionary expectations of the end of the world, had led to several migrations to the region of the Caucasus, to which the prophets pointed as the scene of the expected Second Coming; and it was to prevent further loss of these most earnest religious people that Hoffmann obtained permission to found Kornthal in his own country as a community that should return to the usages of primitive Christianity. The settlement had no connection with those of the Moravians, though similar in character. Its government was patriarchal, and the church order Presbyterian. The community prospered, and obtained distinction for admirable educational work, especially in the support of successful orphanages.

Schwarz was born the year before the death of the founder, and as a young man studied theology at Tübingen. At the conclusion of his course in 1867 he taught for two years in a private school, but then threw in his lot with Christoph Hoffmann, a son of the founder of Kornthal. This younger Hoffmann had identified himself with the Society of the “Friends of Jerusalem,” who looked for the building of the true Temple at Jerusalem, for the gathering together of all the children of God, and in 1855, after a period of absence as student and teacher, had asked permission to settle down at Kornthal, to make that settlement a centre of his special society. But the community at Kornthal had forbidden this, and Hoffmann first

established a separate settlement of his own in Württemberg, and then organised a settlement of the "Temple" Society in Palestine. It was this latter movement into which Gottfried Schwarz threw himself in 1869. In the following year he went to Palestine, and became a member of Hoffmann's settlement at Jaffa. For eight years he was there, first as teacher and then as head of the chief school of the settlement, and also as presbyter in the church, entrusted with the duty of preaching.

As time went on the difficulties of the new settlements turned Hoffmann's thoughts to a closer organisation of his society, and he instituted a secret society (Tempel-stift) within his original society, modelled closely on the Jesuit plan, and exacting implicit obedience from all members to the head. Of this inner society Schwarz was for a year a member, but then strongly dissented, on the ground that such close organisation was inevitably fatal to spiritual life, and that such an attempt at an external "kingdom of God" could only lead in fact to the dominion of men. In consequence of this opposition Schwarz was deprived of his office as an elder of the Church, and denounced as a traitor to the community. He remained, however, for two years more teaching in Jaffa—the chief school of the community having meanwhile been removed to Jerusalem—but in 1880 embraced an opportunity of removing to Beyrout, where for seven years he conducted a school for the children of German residents.

While there he published his first pamphlet, "Is the Roman Church a Church or a State?" embodying his views of the tyranny of ecclesiastical authority as utterly opposed to the spiritual character of Christianity. (Second, enlarged edition, 1892.) But the varied experience of these years had led him to other very definite conclusions as to the true nature of the Christian Gospel, and he felt that he had a testimony to bear, for which he desired to be among his own people again. He returned, therefore, in 1887 to Germany, and applied for admission into the ministry of the Church of Baden, which was known as the most liberal Protestant Church in Germany, no dogmatic subscription being demanded, but only a profession of allegiance to Christ. To this Church he was admitted, being for three years pastor at Rosenberg, and from 1890 to 1894 at Binau, both in Baden.

During these years Schwarz published several other pamphlets, "*Justitia Imputata?*" "Does the Evangelical Church possess the Gospel?" "The Christian State," "The Blood of Jesus Christ," and others, in which the whole evangelical "scheme of salvation" was abandoned, and the Gospel was declared to consist in the manifestation in Christ of the true life of the children of God, setting before men their ideal and their destiny, "to be perfect as the Father in heaven is perfect"; while the death of Jesus was upheld as the supreme testimony to truth, and as a martyrdom kindling perfect faith in the unseen things of the Spirit. With growing intensity Schwarz felt that he must speak out fully and decisively, and hence in 1894 he published the "Sixty Propositions," with the result of his ejection from the Church, as above stated.

He addressed an appeal to the General Synod of the Church in Baden, which

had no result, but was published in the following spring as a pamphlet. The appeal opens with a confession of his entire faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ as alone able to give satisfaction to the human spirit, but then goes on to affirm that this Gospel is not preached in the Church, since the doctrines of the Trinity and of the Atonement, and the Sacraments of the Church make it impossible for men really to follow Christ, and thus prevent a genuine faith in him. That such is the case in the Evangelical Church is proved by the fact that men remain unsatisfied, and both those who through education have come to clearer insight, and those who are striving after a higher ideal, as well as the masses of the people, driven by need to long for better conditions, turn away from the Church. And while this is so, the lack of the Gospel in the Church makes for the dominion of the Papacy. The survival of mediæval doctrine and ecclesiastical rule in the Evangelical Church sets it in the same line as the Roman Church, and only the true Gospel of Jesus Christ can liberate from that tyranny, so destructive of spiritual and healthy moral life. The great need is of a free and progressive life, true to the ideal of Jesus, unhindered by any external authority. The appeal then reminds the Synod of the principle of the Baden Church that there shall be no dogmatic inquisition, so long as Jesus Christ is recognised as Lord of the Church, and then urges that only where there is freedom and the free expression of conscientious conviction can truth be attained, whereas the imposition of ecclesiastical authority in matters of doctrine must inevitably lead to error and make the recognition of truth impossible.

Such is the burden of Schwarz's message, the main points of which will be seen to be clearly stated in the "Sixty Propositions." He has issued also another popular appeal, a "Summons to the German People to Battle against Rome," declaring this to be the supreme religious question of the hour, more vital even than the social question, since it is at the very heart of all life, for the making of true men, who then will be able to settle every social question.

"Rome" stands for ecclesiastical authority and consequent tyranny, in which the Evangelical Church is also implicated. This idea of church and priesthood must give place to the ideal of Jesus, a *spiritual manhood*. "Jesus desires spiritually-minded men, therefore freedom, progress, life. The Papacy demands subjection under one man, therefore dominion, compulsion, death." "By the Gospel of Jesus Rome will be conquered."

It is not to any legislative or other secular interference with the Church that Schwarz looks for victory over Rome, but simply and solely to the spiritual power of truth; and to the furtherance of this cause he is now devoted. Since his compulsory retirement from the Church he has been living at Heidelberg (moving last year to Handschuhsheim, on the outskirts of the town), and since April, 1895, has been publishing a little monthly magazine, or series of pamphlets, under the title, "The Gospel"; "for the restoration of the teaching of Jesus," in which he is more fully working out his conceptions of Christian truth.

Only once has this regular issue been interrupted—in October, 1896—when instead of continuing the discussion of the Resurrection in which he was then engaged, Schwarz issued a special number on the Turkish persecution of the Armenians, earnestly supporting the testimony of Dr. Lepsius as to the unspeakable horror of those massacres, protesting against the attitude of the German Government and the German Press, in grossly misrepresenting the facts, and appealing for help for the suffering Armenians.

That shows the quality of the man, who is to be held in honour for his fearless testimony, and who may well claim the cordial sympathy of religious liberals, and especially of Unitarians, in what we fear is a somewhat lonely and ill-requited work.

THE PULPIT.

GOD'S POWER AND MERCY ENDURING.

BY THE REV. F. W. STANLEY.

The mercy of God endureth continually.
—Ps. lii. 1.

I WAS once standing near the sea shore at no great distance from a lighthouse. It was about nightfall. As I looked at the great tower, clearly defined in its whiteness against the sky, I could see one of the keepers walking to and fro on a small gallery near the summit of the structure. He appeared at first sight to be carrying in his hand a brilliant light, but after a moment's observation I perceived that what I noticed was simply a reflection of the rays from the lamps within the building focussed upon his face whenever he stood in a certain position. When the keeper paused in his progress at the further end of the gallery there was not the smallest evidence to an onlooker of the glaring stream of light which the huge burnished reflectors cast forth over the channel. Only when his body intercepted the rays and it became illumined, could one know that the lamps had been lit and the helpful light diffused. And yet all the while, over the dark waters, the beams were shed, which guided vessels in their course, and saved human beings from the dangers of a watery grave.

As I watched and beheld for a few seconds now, and then again for a few seconds, the clear reflection of an invisible light, the thought more and more impressed me that I was gazing upon a physical illustration of the working of the universe. A parable of Nature seemed open before me.

There stood the hiding-place of a great unseen source of energy—motionless, secret, affording no evidence of its possible influence. Ever and anon for a moment a reflection of its power was seen, and then darkness.

So, I meditated, does God reign behind the veil. During the years of our lives we discern, here and there, a reflection of His glorious light. The wonders of our experience convince us of the Creative Energy causing what we behold, but the light itself is not for our eyes; for "No man hath seen God at any time."

I wish to try to apply my parable to God's creative will or force, to His

righteousness, to His mercy and love, and to His gift of life.

First take force. From all eternity the will of God has existed. When that Divine Will assumes a creative function it becomes what we term force. And that force operates in all its mystery and potency, without investigation, until the human mind exists upon the scene. But mind cannot discern force. It can only observe the results it brings to pass. When, therefore, we look out upon Nature we can see what we call the solid earth, and far away in the heavens the faint, tiny stars, but we can detect no link between the one and the other. The ground we tread upon is something tangible, and we are convinced that far away in the sky there are objects sending forth light, but we can find no force binding the whole. Nevertheless, gravitation is there with its resistless sway, holding all in their courses. We learn what it is—not by sight, but by what it accomplishes.

I need only mention the many forces operating without deviation, which we term natural forces, or the potent will of God. How elements combine, how messages are conveyed along the wire, how a spoken word influences an ear, how the grain of wheat bursts and gives us the blade from which another stem springs, supporting the produce of a later harvest, we cannot see. The effect we can measure, but man cannot fathom the inner secret. Yet from eternity the power of God has been extended in a myriad forms, though it could only become realised even dimly as effect after effect was laid bare before the mind of man.

Next let us think of God's righteousness. The Creator of the universe is not only the Source of the physical wonders that repeat themselves as the days recur and as the seasons roll. From the same Omnipotent Power come the laws of right and wrong that are established even in physical things themselves, and which extend to nobler spheres. Throughout the eternal years all the attributes surpassing our thought and language, the elements of which can only be conceived by the purest minds, had their seat in God. When savage hordes grappled with each other, knowing no restraint, imitating the beasts that roamed around them, when even the simpler arts were unknown, and mutual responsibility was undreamed of, the Source of all holiness shed light in human souls. No man could see God, though graven images came to be made to represent crude and barbarous conceptions of the heavenly powers. But no savage could bend before his idol, and in time of trouble bring some offering, and seek to appease the terrible deity without having formed the notion of pity in his own mind. He could not crave pity from a god until he had felt pity in his heart, or had seen the exercise of pity by some fellow-creature. He could not confess a sin until he had learned to own a duty, and to discriminate between a faithful and an unfaithful performance of the same. To the savage, therefore, although God willed righteousness before the heavens, no knowledge of that righteousness could come until he beheld a faint reflection of it in some human being, some fellow-creature, or felt a strange awakening in his own breast. The light shone throughout the ages. Man could not gaze upon its dazzling rays.

He could but see a portion of them thrown back from some human object.

We ourselves look back to the distant past and find an almost impassable gulf between our state and that of the early race. Yet we can only learn the mind of God as it is revealed to the mind of man, and comprehend the Divine law as it is seen in human dealing. The scenes of the world's drama are played before us. At one time some great heroic incident engages our attention. And then the small and trivial things are seen—the things in which we must participate continually. Goodness and baseness show themselves and our whole nature admires the goodness, while the baseness, no matter how it may be gilded and disguised, we must condemn. For we know that the one is of God, and that the other violates His law. The Source of righteousness is shrouded from us. We cannot see even the poorest outline. Its whole majestic shape no mortal can discern. But the beauty of it we find in deeds of rectitude and in the fabric of society. And we perceive a still more glorious reflection of it in the vision of a world in which all men shall be guided by the eternal light—in which all men shall be just, in which all deeds shall be holy. The thought of it being inspired from heaven, we name that state "the kingdom of heaven." And though we have never seen it in its majestic form, and though we shall never gaze upon it with mortal eye, we have faith in it—we hope for it and pray for it. We have seen enough of the reflected glory of the righteousness of God to believe in it, and to know that nothing which the brain of man has grasped can compare with it in its promise of blessing for the whole human race.

When we turn to God's mercy and love we may learn a similar lesson.

The Psalmist wrote, in the words of our text, "The mercy of God endureth continually." We cannot conceive of a beginning or of an end to any attribute of the All-Perfect God. That mercy and love existed in those far-off times of cruelty, which we call ages of darkness. The purpose of the earth was being fulfilled then. The light was shining, though men were absorbed in the meaner things which they could alone grasp. But the light at last penetrated the darkness. Its reflection was seen in the mother's love as she bent over her child. It was beheld by the pain-racked sufferer in the hour of his pangs. The offender saw it in the face of the magnanimous man. And where do we look for our knowledge of the Divine compassion? Has it not been borne to us in the love of home? Has not the reflection of the Almighty tenderness beamed upon us from the face of father, or mother, of brother, or sister, or child? The great flood of Divine light has only been made known to us by the part cast back upon our eyes by a human countenance. There have been hours of gloom when we have seen no glow, and then there has smiled upon us one who awakened the responsive feeling of our own nature, and we were not alone. Again descended the darkness: but once more the radiance was cast upon us, and we believed in the Source of all.

The Apostle Paul wrote to the Corinthians that God "shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus

Christ." I take it that in these words Paul described the human exemplification of that righteousness, that mercy, and that love which have their infinite fulness in the Most High. History records no purer deeds, no more tender mercy, and no deeper love than Jesus set before the eyes of men. When we have beheld the light in the face of Jesus Christ, the mere reflection, we are constrained to believe in the Source of that light—"the glory of God"—whence springs every vision and every dream of heavenly blessedness and perfection. Had the dogmatists contented themselves with this beautiful thought of Paul's, they would have helped to teach mankind a truth which finds its proof in every domain of the universe. They would have shown how the steadfastness to duty of the man of integrity, the mercy of the large-hearted, and the love of parent or of child, help us to have confidence in the Creator of all, and that in a similar way Jesus of Nazareth was, as the founder of our faith, the reflection of those higher graces which belong to spiritual manhood.

But that was not to be. The light shining in our hearts in the face of Jesus—the just, the compassionate, the loving—was not sufficient. The one reflecting the light of God's glory must be identical with the Source of glory, and so on to utter, hopeless confusion. But we do not bind ourselves to the conclusions of the dogmatists. Let us, then, meditate, not now only, but in our ordinary intercourse with the world, upon the continual presence of God—in force, in righteousness and in tender mercy, and, though we only see the reflected rays now and again, let us learn from the light that all is not darkness. The fact that it has been revealed to us tells of its profound reality. Such glory cannot live for a day and perish. Though the eye discern it not, it is none the less sent from the Father to bless and to inspire the whole earth.

As a last illustration we will use God's gift of life.

What do we know of life? It comes: it goes. It animates a human frame: that frame ceases to move: and the life has passed from our knowledge. We cannot tell what life is, we cannot analyse it, we cannot recall it. But though its effects glide from our sight, no human insight can pierce the veil and prove that it has passed into nothingness. Life, which springs from God—the Fount of all—we believe to endure when the body, which reflected its brightness and its vigour, undergoes the mysterious change we term death. Just as the figure treading the lofty gallery of the tower came from the gloom and reflected for a time the light otherwise invisible, and then passed onward again to the shadows, so the human frame reveals evidence of life to kindred human beings, and then comes the darkness and the stillness. But the light shines on and accomplishes the purpose for which it was produced. So reigns the life in God's kingdom, where the Eternal will is wrought and the Eternal joy entered.

There are few lessons that are more needed in our day than the one at present before us. We are so accustomed to tangible things, so tempted by the conditions of our being, to account all non-existent that eludes our sight and touch, that we shall do well to recall how much, most valued

by us upon earth, only comes to us as a reflection of its Almighty Source—reigning behind the veil. The Materialist is convinced that in matter we find the beginning and end of the universe. The would-be religious man has to decide whether for him the flowers and graces of the human soul are imaginations—material suggestions due to circumstances—or whether they are reflections of a surpassing excellence—the perfection of the Eternal God.

In these days this awful alternative is of very little account to thousands of men and women. But of a truth it is no light matter. For what will you live? Because you are human and not Divine; because you are creatures and not the Creator, and cannot behold the Creator in His infinite glory, will you hold as vain the things that have touched to their depths earth's grandest souls?

If you will not, then think more carefully of the solemn meaning of God's revelation to us. Realise your nearness to Him when you look upon the reflection of His light in saintly living. Own your linking with Him when your soul is moved and when the inward voice urges to the best you know. For a day shall come when the darkness shall fade away from before our eyes, when the light shall be seen, and not the faint reflection, when we shall behold "face to face." Then we shall not be bidden to think on things true, things honourable, things just, things pure, things lovely, things of good report—the things of our imperfect world; but all will be blended in one glory—the everlasting righteousness of God.

LIFE.

(Notes of an Address to Young Men.)

THE life that tells in this world has to do, not so much with duration, as with intensity. Quality marks the true man. Not length of life, but depth of life. Many men live to be three score and ten, and have not tasted true life: others live their one score and seize on life eternal. Life eternal is life from the standpoint of Jesus: the life that is fed by pure sympathies, prompted by right motives, that possesses the true secret, and follows open, manly methods; the life that brings the inward calm which is the bliss of solitude, abroad or in society. And this life comes through a knowledge of God—not only that He is in His heaven, but that He is here in His world. "That is high, we cannot attain unto it," you say. "We cannot by searching find out God." No, but God finds us. He has found hosts of men through their home-affections, love of children, love of Nature, love of flowers, plants, birds and insects; love of music and the message it brings, and a hundred direct communications of this sort. Often He finds us in the silence that His messengers bring as their benediction. The serenity of death touches us. The old words find us then, "Be still, and know that I am God." Quick flashes of insight through the door of death! Have you ever felt that sudden cry in your heart—"There is no death!" And then the ecstatic feeling that there is some Power that makes for peace and true satisfaction pulsating at the source of things—the great soul-throb of the world: the holy magnificence of goodness, the

utter purity of truth—which we cannot grasp in all their significance, but of which we catch a glimpse—like the summit of a mountain peeping above the ever-rolling mists and bathed in the glory of the morning sun. The impact of this Power may reach us through a mother's tenderness, a father's great anxiety, a brother's constancy and self-sacrifice. These deep simplicities lift us to the everlasting hills and we dwell with the saints of God. And this experience helps to impress us with the beauty of the *practical* virtues of every-day life: with the feeling that nobility of character is better than baseness, truth of speech stronger than falsehood, open directness than subtlety and deception. That is to say, that the spiritual and moral ought to walk hand in hand together, re-energising each other. If we feel the power of this *ought*, it means that we are quietly taking possession of the fact that life eternal is the only life worth having. That is our Divine possession: other life to us is but half complete—and may be but mere existence—an undesirable stumbling through the shallows and flats, and not an exhilarating satisfaction on the heights.

The searching question to ask ourselves over and over again is, What do we emphasise most? To what do we attach the greatest importance? The worth or worthlessness of our lives is proved by that—a fact we shall see eventually. I say eventually. Now we often see darkly, as in a mirror with a surface that is not perfectly smooth: the great *then* is a reflex of the "eternal now"—and this already gives us promises of the light and life to be. It is curious to notice, although so many manly martyrs and heroes have lived and died, how mistaken some men are in their emphasis of life. Some emphasise the body, the animal life, the eating, drinking, physical enjoyment. Everything must feed that. These men have their reward. Food, wine, sparkling society, deadly drowsiness—an experience expressed by a foreign word *ennui*, which ought to be crossed out of the vocabulary of true life. Adjust your position by contact with the best and finest and ask, Is that all life has to give?

Think of what is sometimes revealed in the world of speculative commerce, and I ask you seriously, Would you care to have that wretchedness of vanity as your reward? Where are the attributes which make man strong? Where is integrity? Where is honour? Where is truth? If these things are only fit for democratic working-men and village shopkeepers, then simple honesty with an attempt at refined parlance can ask our aristocratic idlers and City millionaires, Where is the ancient *noblesse oblige*? What is the answer? An echo—an echo reverberating through the halls of "Society" with the sting of a mighty whip of God demanding "Where?" And trembling voices come from distant corners pleading vain excuses! Is it not a miserable scene to witness? Good men pity all these people—company promoters as they are called—whose evil communications corrupt good manners, pity them on account of their waste of life in this their luxury and wantonness of living. In the midst of excess they have found beggary of character. Ah! that's the loss we all must dread: deadness to truth and God and fellow-feeling, to the finer instincts of humanity.

For I say, this is death, and the sole death, When a man's loss comes to him through his gain;
Darkness from light, from knowledge ignorance,
And lack of love from love made manifest.

Is it possible to have the strongest affection for the noblest and the best while we serve such a Mammon of greed? Notice here that searching statement made by the Lord of Love, the Master of Human Sympathy—"Where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also." And there is nothing *there* to feed the heart, nothing noble, nothing great—in this the kingdom of Grasp-all-that-you-can-get. And lo! the devil grasps you, the devil of utter selfishness. Now would you, poor as you are in worldly goods, would you like your heart to be *there*, and there only? If we say "God forbid," then we must ask ourselves, Where is our treasure? The day of reckoning is here for us. How do we stand? On what have we been laying the emphasis of our lives? On our body—on eating, drinking, pleasure, worldly gain?

Klondike, at home and abroad, has been with us too much lately. A spiritual revolution is wanted. The air is thick and foul: a mighty wind must come from God's eternal hills to sweep the darkness far away, so that light and sunshine, health and blessing may be ours once more. Better for men to go forth into a far-off country and exterminate tigers and rattlesnakes than be part and parcel of this infested jungle called "Society."

Some emphasise power and position. These are the people anxious, above everything else, to get on—it may be simply to climb the ladder of "respectability." The mistake, once we have found our right readjustment, is in that wretched emphasis, *above everything else*. Our true power is in our present position, and our present position proves us to the quick, tests the value of our life. We all have compassion for the man who is constantly irritated by his cramped circumstances: we pity ourselves in this way; but we all admire the man who calmly wears his crown of thorns and finds his heart at rest with God. After all, the inward must conquer the outward if we would prove worthy servants in our generation. How are you in spiritual health and character, is the test question; not where do you work, or where do you live? I was speaking to a friend on Thursday night about this—the heroic way in which men prove themselves of more value than their surroundings. I mentioned several cases of men I know, men who can neither read nor write, and who are compelled to follow what we call the *lowest* occupations—as if any occupation can be low which is honest and necessary for the welfare of the community. One or two of these men are scavengers—night-soilmen. But steadfastness, perseverance, moral rectitude are there to stamp them with the right image and superscription. And there is often such an unconscious magnanimity about them. You have the feeling that you are talking to *men* when you meet them. One in particular has his neat little house up a court—up a narrow street called Straight might be a better description; and here his mother lives within, and these twain are all the world to each other. He has self-restraint—"a sober, staid, God-fearing man." "He goes on Sunday to his church," and late on Sunday night he wheels his barrow down back entries,

and whistles a hymn of praise to God. "Incongruous," you say; "barrows and hymns of praise do not go well together." Don't they? I think they make the finest harmony. But I know the man, and so may be forgiven the incongruity. Now, when we are all rightly re-adjusted, re-adjusted in rectitude, in the love of righteousness, and all of us need this re-adjustment over and over again, men of this type are bound to win our admiration—almost more than all others, and make us feel ashamed of our murmurings and complainings about our position and circumstances. Limited in their lives, restricted in their actions, but with such deep human love. "My mother and I—God help us." I often put words such as those into this man's mind. And what do they mean but this: "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the living God; and I find Thee through this mother whom Thou hast sent." If a man needs a mediator, I think a good mother is the best; and if we thank God for any of His messengers a good mother should come first.

Young men, many of you are keen critics. That is your great prerogative. You cannot bear false or exaggerated statements. Now, I ask you, when you return home, to weigh men like this in the balance of your reason. Is their life worth living?—life, remember, the soul, the spirit, the affection—what they hold and have in the deepest reverence. It seems to me that if we have the spirit of this man our power and position are quite safe, our ability will be used for noble ends, and our efforts will be on the side of things that make for the eternal life. Look at Jesus of Nazareth. His position? Well, from a worldly point of view, "He had not where to lay his head." His power? His power was from God; his spiritual insight so clear that he emphasised life with his own particular personality, and so could utter the sweet and gracious invitation to all the true blessings of life—"Come unto me, all ye that labour." Had he the wonderful words of life? If you believe he had, you must test his message in your daily life, in your workshop, among your companions, in your days of gladness, and in the perplexities that are sure to meet you. All life is judged by what we emphasise. And our emphasis proves our magnetic power. This lifts us up, and we draw unto us things with which we are in closest sympathy. What are you dwelling among day by day? What is your atmosphere? What are you unconsciously absorbing? Here is the secret of your power. This is your life indeed. If you love and attract the purest, manliest, noblest and holiest, and are attracted by such, then in the lowliest and meanest you have the power of attracting the eternal life in them to meet the eternal life in you, and so help the world a little nearer to the realisation of the kingdom of God.

J. L. HAIGH.

WHY art thou troubled when things succeed not as thou wouldst or desirest? For who is he that hath all things according to his mind? Neither I nor thou nor any man upon earth. There is none in this world, even though he be King or Bishop, without some tribulation or perplexity. Who, then, is in the best case? Even he who is able to suffer something for God.—*Imitation of Christ.*

CHARACTER TRANSFORMED.

WRITERS tell us that there are a few distinctions of temperament, such as the nervous or the sanguine, and they profess to be able to read our character by the contours of the head, the colour of the eyes, the lines of the face. No doubt they often make mistakes, and yet we may admit that there is something in it. When people fancy they can judge infallibly by a gesture it only shows their own want of care and caution, their disposition to hasty generalisation. When they pretend to read a person fully and accurately at first sight, it is only pretence, assumption, a desire to be credited with wonderful insight. Still, there is something in it, and we all believe there is some relationship between the configuration of the head, the lines of the face, and the actual character. We all read character to some extent, and can tell in a general way whether a person is intelligent or stupid, is amiable or hateful.

The lines of the face, the flash of the eye, the twitch of the lip, are sometimes as plain as letters and words to those who study the language. They are sometimes as difficult to decipher as hieroglyphics. There are tribes of people who tattoo their bodies with lines and devices, and by those marks or characters we may know them. There are criminals who find their way into our prisons, who have pricked their skin with blue marks, and can, of course, be all the more easily recognised. But when we look at the portraits of criminals we judge that some of them have no need of tattoo, for the sinister expression is there, deeply engraved like the mark of Cain.

And yet men can alter! How came those sinister lines to be there in such settled form? They are largely the result of the habit of the man, the disposition or passion or craving most often indulged. They are the piled-up result of repeated acts, the accumulation of the separate daily expressions which might, in their early indulgence, have been easily checked or changed. We must not undervalue our power to regulate and cultivate our qualities, whether bad or good. We are not fast bound in fate. The phrenologist says:—"As is the organisation, so is the character. We are born with a certain shape of head and quality of brain. Nature has given us a certain temperament, and given a predominating power to certain organs. One person is light-complexioned, another dark or swarthy; one has blue eyes and another grey. On these things, and such things, character depends, and success or failure in life. You will find that one person is neat and refined, another is coarse and vulgar; one is all movement, another is restful or inert: moreover there is an equally natural bias towards dishonesty and deceit, or towards the opposite virtues." A person who gives heed to these things will say—"I cannot be expected to love children, for I have not a sympathetic expression of the mouth, and I cannot help it. I cannot alter the shape of my chin, and yet upon that depends strength of character and will. My book tells me that all great painters, musicians, sculptors, statesmen, preachers, explorers and leaders, whose names are inscribed on the scroll of fame, had the promise already written on the human tablet of a prominent and well-formed chin. What can I do?" You can do this:

read another book which explains how character is forming daily, and the self is growing constantly, by every thought, emotion and resolve. Read how the growing character may be trained in this direction or that, like a twig, and brought under healthy influences like a plant, and made to develop in beauty like a flower. See what the florist has made of some of our wild flowers. See what a change Dr. Barnardo produces in waifs and strays of the street. Consider how differently two brothers of a family turn out, under opposite influences. Time can transform and transmute; and what our soul shall grow into depends upon the bias we give it by our ruling principle, and the strength we add by daily act and habit—all of which we can change if we will. We may begin at any moment; and by-and-by new lines in the face will break up the furrows of the old. G. ST. CLAIR.

MAJOR-GENERAL JACOB, Brooklands, Tavistock, acknowledges, with thanks, the following further donations received in answer to his appeal on behalf of the widow and children of the late Mr. Frederick Webb, a member of the Abbey-road Chapel, Tavistock, who was killed on the London and South-Western Railway line:—

	£	s.	d.
L. and S.W.R. (2nd donation)	20	0	0
Mr. F. Nettlefold	...	5	0 0
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Mrs. A. Lupton...	...	2	2 0
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Further donations are needed, and may be sent to the above address, when they will be duly acknowledged in these columns.

COUNTRY AIR FOR WEAK AND AILING CHILDREN.—Miss A. Lawrence, 75, Lancaster-gate, London, W., begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, receipt for this fund of the following sums:—Mrs. F. Nettlefold, £1 1s.; Mr. Cogan Conway, £1 1s.; J. H. M., 4s.; Some Cottagers, £2.

If only people would remember, that even with the scantiest gifts and education they may yet be of immeasurable help to others, even the most gifted and educated—through love! Only he who has no love to give is really poor.—*Richard Rothe.*

WHAT IS TRUTH?

My friend Atherley is quite a philosopher. His mind has not been trained in a college or a university, but, nevertheless, he has the faculty of thinking clearly. He and I often have talks together on subjects serious and otherwise. One day we were debating the certainty or uncertainty of the possession of truth. I felt pretty much like Pilate when he asked his famous question. Conflicting opinions puzzled me. I was in need of a criterion by which to test opinion, and I knew not where to find one.

But Atherley was in no difficulty. A criterion! Oh, he had one.

It was just this way: He reckoned, in the first place, that all truth is relative. The truth of a revolving wheel, he said, had relation to the centre round which it revolved. It was very natural of Atherley to illustrate the subject in that manner, for he was a mechanical engineer.

But this did not at first give me the light I wanted. I did not see any criterion in that.

But Atherley was quite confident that if I only applied it as a principle to everything I should find it all right. For instance, any theory about human nature could be tested by it. Man is the centre. Does the theory run true with man's needs? If not, of course it is not true. Whatever bears a true relation to man helps him to live a harmonious life. A boy's spinning-top when going so quickly that it appears not to move at all runs true, we say. That is, all the forces which are then moving it are in perfect agreement with the central line of motion. When it "wobbles" we say that it is out of truth, for then the forces moving it are acting against the central line of motion.

So also of man. There is a central principle of his being—viz., the law of agreement; in other words, the working of all his powers together in perfect harmony with each other. When this goes on man is *himself*. When it is otherwise man is not himself. Whatever power interferes with orderly and harmonious working of his faculties pulls him or forces him aside from the true line of his nature, and is therefore not the truth in relation to man.

Take, for instance, the theory that every man must in his early life sow some amount of "wild oats." How does this affect the law of agreement? Does the sowing of wild oats produce discord in his nature and overweight him on one side? If so, is it not like "wobbling"? Is it not a running out of truth? If the law of agreement be violated the theory cannot be a true theory of man. Test the notion of "natural depravity" in the same way and see what it comes to. If a man is taught that his nature is essentially bad in itself, and he comes to believe so, he will not think it much use trying to be good and do good; he will not endeavour to keep himself in order. Such a notion is against the order of man's nature. It encourages him to be bad, and therefore to violate the law of agreement.

Then it struck me that there was a great deal in this test of Atherley's. I could see what Jesus meant when he said in the parable that the repentant prodigal came back "*to himself*." Sin is disorder, disturbance, disease; righteousness is order, agreement of the whole together, wholeness, health.

All truth as regards man can be tested

by its agreeableness to the order of his nature; all untruth by its disagreement therewith.

So of all truth in relation to God. Whatever view of God makes His attributes consistent with each other is true, while any that makes them in any way antagonistic must be untrue. Is there any doctrine of God that makes His justice and His mercy to differ? Then such a doctrine is a violation of the law of agreement. All things which are true to the same thing are true to each other. They cannot contradict or be opposed. But the idea that God's justice and mercy are *one* must be true because it meets the test.

Atherley thinks that I am a much more learned man than he. But there is learning and learning. And when I had this talk I felt I had learned much from him. And yet how simple a thing it was! But some of the simplest things are not the first that we can see, and we wonder when we do see them that we had not seen them before.

"What is truth?" asked Pilate. Can we not confidently answer, that is truth which is in agreeable relation to its object?
H. BODELL SMITH.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Thursday Morning.]

Accrington.—On Sunday last very successful harvest festival services were conducted in the Oxford-street Church, by the Rev. J. Collins Odgers, B.A., of Bury. The building was effectively decorated with fruit, vegetables, and flowers. Besides preaching morning and evening Mr. Odgers delivered a beautiful address in the afternoon, founded on the old legend of St. Christopher. Anthems by the choir and solos by Mrs. Hargreaves, who sang "Galilee," and Mrs. Alfred Webster, "Come ever smiling Liberty," added to the enjoyment of those present. The collections amounted to nearly £6. On the Monday evening following the usual fruit banquet was held in the schoolroom and was well attended, games and dancing being indulged in by the young people. The fruit and flowers that had not been disposed of were eventually sent to the Cottage Hospital.

Birmingham: Small Heath.—Flower services were held in the Waverley-road Church on Sunday, Aug. 21. The annual congregational picnic took place on Saturday last, Aug. 27, to Dodderhill Common, near Droitwich. About fifty members and friends much enjoyed their visit to a place which, for its natural beauty and interest to the archaeologist and geologist, deserves to be better known. It will be seen from our Advertising Columns that the congregation are preparing for a bazaar in aid of the funds for building and furnishing the new church.

Cardiganshire.—The annual committee meeting of the Cardiganshire Unitarian Singing Festival was held at Capelybryn, on Sunday, Aug. 28, when there were representatives present from all our chapels in the county. Captain Davies, Rhydown Fach, was voted to the chair. It was decided to hold the next festival at Lampeter on the first Wednesday in June, 1899, and that the Rev. Lewis Williams, Rhydygwin, be the president in the morning, and Mr. Saunders Davies, Felinfach, in the afternoon. Suitable tunes and hymns were chosen, and Mr. Thomas Davies, Newcourt, leader of the song at Capelybryn, was appointed conductor. It was also resolved to continue the separate festival for the children (on same date), and to encourage the study of the tonic sol-fa notation by granting certificates to successful candidates. All the officers were re-elected, and the meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman for presiding.

Chorley.—The Rev. Andrew Doel, of Wigan, has been appointed assistant minister of the Park-street Chapel, and will commence his duties to-morrow.

Great Yarmouth.—Harvest thanksgiving services were held at the Old Meeting last Sunday. There were thirty present in the morning, including visitors

A special musical service was held in the evening, consisting of the harvest thanksgiving service contained in the *Sunday School Helper*. The Rev. W. Rodger Smyth spoke on "Good Food for Man." There were over fifty present, including young people. This may be considered fairly good, seeing that several of the members cannot come during "the season." The collection in aid of the Band of Hope amounted to 15s.

London: Free Christian Church, Clarence-road.—The Rev. Alexander Farquharson being absent on vacation, the Rev. George Heaviside, B.A., of Coventry, preached on Sunday last two interesting discourses, in the morning on "Personal Responsibility," and in the evening on "Religious Tests."

Manchester: Heaton Moor and Urmston.—The Rev. John A. Bevington, of Barnstaple, Mass., who had provisionally accepted an invitation to the post of Missionary for the Manchester District Association of Presbyterian and Unitarian Churches in succession to the Rev. W. H. Burgess, B.A., with oversight of the congregations at Heaton Moor and Urmston, has now sent word that he cannot, for domestic reasons, leave the United States.

Portsmouth: St. Thomas's Street.—The Rev. A. J. Marchant preached here on Sunday week to a good congregation, his subject being "A Saving Faith in Christ, the real need of to-day." His services were much appreciated.

Southampton.—The Rev. E. C. Bennett (late of Weymouth), enters on his ministry at the Church of the Saviour to-morrow. The church buildings have lately been thoroughly cleaned and renovated, and it is a matter of much congratulation that we are about to make a fresh start in our work—and free from debt.

OUR CALENDAR.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4,

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday afternoon.

Bermundsey, Fort-road, Upper Grange-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M.

Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M.

Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.

Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-rd., West Croydon, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.

Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.

Essex Church, The Mall, Notting-hill-gate, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. H. SHAEN SOLLY, M.A.

Forest-gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Mr. A. J. CLARKE.

Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. T. E. M. EDWARDS.

Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. H. DRUMMOND, B.A.

Highbury Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 A.M., Rev. C. E. YATES, and 7 P.M., Mr. B. B. NAGARKAR.

Islington, Unity Church Upper-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. E. CAPLTON. Evening, "The Foundations Shaken, or the True Basis of Faith."

Kentish Town, Free Christian Church, Clarence-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. T. W. FRECKELTON. Morning, "The Gift of God." Evening, "Nature the Mirror."

Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. E. STRONGE.

Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. C. POPE.

Little Portland-street Chapel, near Oxford-circus, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. JOHN DALE.

Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 11 A.M., Mr. A. THOMPSON, and 7 P.M., Mr. J. W. BROWN.

Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. G. CARTER.

Richmond Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 A.M., Sir ROLAND K. WILSON, Bart., M.A., and 7 P.M., Mr. G. H. PERRIS; 3 P.M., Service for Children.

Stepney-Green, College Chapel, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. LUCKING TAYNER.

Stoke Newington, The Green, 11.15 A.M., Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.

Wandsworth, Unitarian Christian Church, East-hill, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. HUGH STANNUS.

Wood Green, Unity Hall, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. Dr. MUMMERY.

Woolwich, Masonic Hall, Anglesey-road, Plumstead, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.

PROVINCIAL.

BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. F. W. STANLEY.
 BEDFORD, Library (side room), 6.30 P.M., Rev. ROWLAND HILL.
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.
 BLACKPOOL, Bank-street, North Shore 10.45 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. BINNS.
 BLACKPOOL, Unitarian Lay Church, Masonic Hall, Waterloo-road, South Shore, 6.30 P.M.
 BOOTLE, Free Church Hall, Stanley-road, 11 A.M., Rev. D. DAVIS, and 6.30 P.M., Rev. H. W. HAWKES.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West-hill-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. C. C. COE.
 BRIGHTON, Christ Church (Free Christian), New-road, North-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. A. HOOD.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. GEORGE STREET.
 CANTERBURY, Blackfriars, 11 A.M., J. REMINGTON WILSON, M.A.
 DEAL and WALMER, Free Christian Church, High-st., 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. S. BURROWS.
 EASTBOURNE, Lismore-road, Terminus-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Mrs. BARROWS.
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. J. A. FALLOWS, M.A.
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. C. HARGROVE, M.A.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. R. A. ARMSTRONG, B.A. Communion Service.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. H. M. LIVERS (Bolton).
 LIVERPOOL, Renshaw-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. J. KLEIN.
 MANCHESTER, Sale, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. JAMES FORRESTER, M.A.
 MANCHESTER, Strangeways, 10.30 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.
 MARGATE, Forester's Hall (Side Entrance), Union-crescent, 11 A.M., Mr. G. BURDEN.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30 A.M., Rev. J. E. CARPENTER, M.A.
 PORTSMOUTH, General Baptist Chapel, St. Thomas-street, 6.45 P.M., Mr. THOMAS BOND.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.45 P.M., Mr. G. COSENS PRIOR.
 RAMSGATE, Assembly Rooms, High-street, 6.30 P.M., Mr. G. BURDEN.
 READING, Unitarian Free Church, London-road, 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. E. A. VOYSEY.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. E. L. H. THOMAS, B.A.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. C. H. WELLBELOVED.
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Mechanics' Institute, Dudley-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.
 YORK, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. HAROLD RYLETT.

CAPE TOWN, Free Protestant Unitarian Church, Hout-street, 6.30 P.M., Rev. R. BALMFORTH.

RELIGIOUS CONFERENCES (under the auspices of the Central Postal Mission) are held the **FIRST SUNDAY** of every month, at 5 o'clock, at **COLLEGE CHAPEL**, Stepney Green, E. Sept. 4th.—"Strong and Weak Points in the Doctrine of the Atonement." All are welcome.

BIRTHS.

SMITH—On August 27th, at 64, Albion-street, Burnley, the wife of the Rev. A. Cobden Smith, of a son.

DEATHS.

STANDRING—On the 25th ult., at Ivy Bank, Fallowfield, in her 66th year, Sarah, the dearly-loved wife of John Standring.

SWALE—On the 20th ult., at 125, Highbury Quadrant, William Swale, formerly of Leeds, in his 80th year. Friends please accept this the only intimation.

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A BAZAAR will be held on WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30th and on the three following days in the MASONIC HALL, NEW-STREET, BIRMINGHAM, in aid of the CHURCH BUILDING and FURNISHING FUND. The Committee are anxious to raise a sum of £500, and earnestly solicit contributions in money or goods, which will be thankfully received by any of the undersigned:—Miss NETTLEFOLD, Halffield, Edgbaston, Birmingham; Mrs. H. NEW, 27, Wheelleys-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; Mrs. ARCH. KENRICK, 4, Carpenter-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; Mrs. EDWARD TOWNLEY, Ferndale, Prospect-road, Moseley, Birmingham; Mrs. GEO. TITTERTON, The Uplands, Greenhill-road, Moseley, Birmingham; Rev. H. HAROLD JOHNSON, B.A. (Minister), 143, Waverley-road, Small Heath, Birmingham; J. H. FORRESTER (President), 51, Charlotte-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; W. H. KEMPSON, 33, Barrow's-road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham; A. LANGFORD, 21, Wilton-road, Sparkhill, Birmingham; W. H. NIGHTINGALE, 7, Lloyd-street, Small Heath, Birmingham; Mrs. HODGETTS, 193, Cattell-road, Small Heath, Birmingham; or to the Honorary Secretary of Bazaar, JAMES P. P. DUFFIELD, 29, Bowyer-road, Saltley, Birmingham.

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